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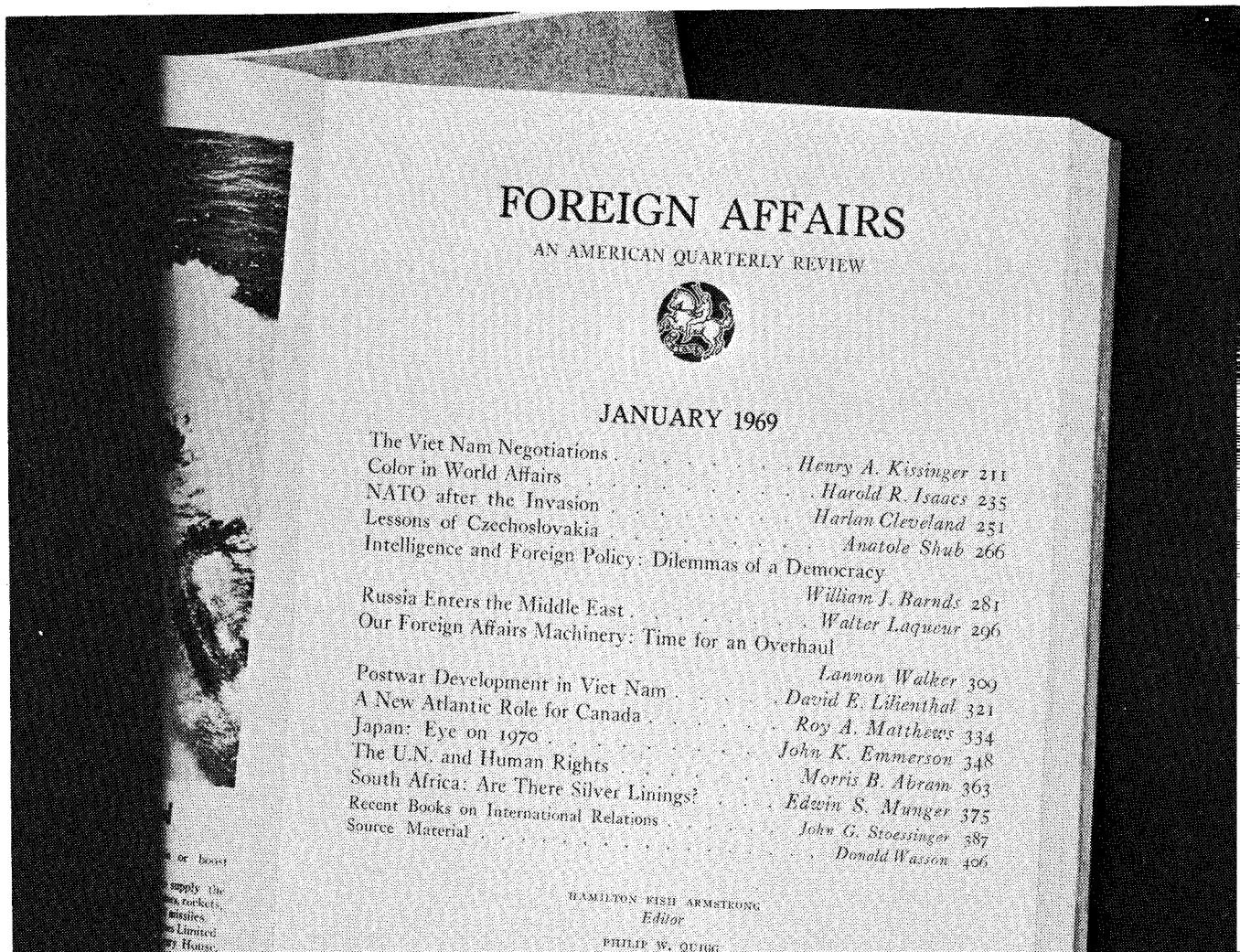
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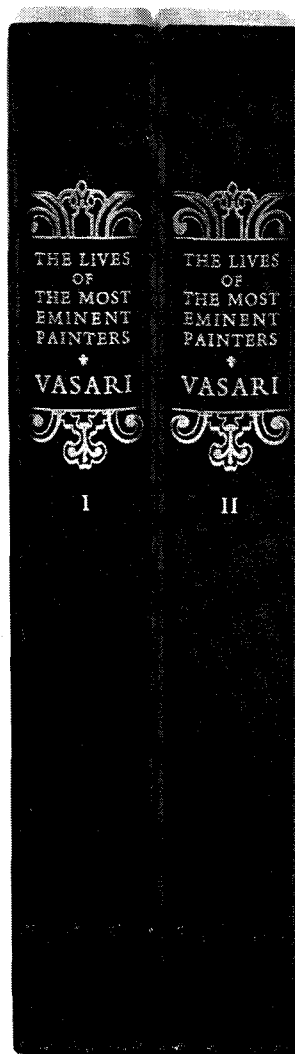
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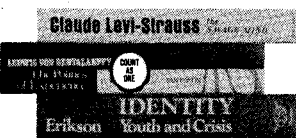
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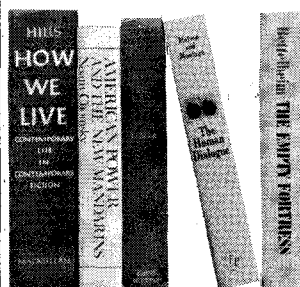
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If Negroes Were Cubans

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The tide of Negroes still pours into New York, Chicago and other big cities. In the 50's Arkansas, West Virginia, Mississippi and South Carolina lost more than one-fourth of their non-white population.

Before the Cuban refugee family moves north, a report from the National Commission on Urban Problems points out, efforts to locate jobs and housing are worked out by the staff of HEW's Cuban Refugee Program. Also, neighborhood contacts are made. Nothing like that for the Negro; the Mississippi tenant family moves out when cotton land is not planted. The subsidy doesn't go to the family, it goes to keep the land idle.

The migrant farmer needs more help than the Cuban refugee perhaps; the latter often arrives with education and job skills. The Negro slum-dweller finds the unemployment rate twice as high as for whites; for teenagers unemployment is 25 percent; for female heads of poor families, 50 percent.

Giving the migrant blacks the same care under a national program as the alien Cubans would be very expensive, of course. It would be unorthodox, too. Governor Rockefeller of New

York proposes that Washington take over relief payments and equalize them among the states. New York's welfare payment to a family of four is five times Mississippi's, Rockefeller complains. That is one reason that the mass migration occurs. But of course, Gov. Rockefeller is rather far-out in these welfare matters.

The Democratic-controlled Congress under Mr. Nixon is apt to have a more conservative view of things. When Democrats are the "out" party, as now, the Southern and rural congressmen from one-party districts have tremendous negative power, from committee chairmanships and filibusters.

Take the case of Rep. Jamie Whitten (D) of the second district of Mississippi. Fifty-one percent of his district is officially certified as "poor" but the plantation owners of the district got \$23,564,000 in 1967 for not growing cotton. This admirable arrangement helped eliminate the huge 1965 cotton surplus. Naturally, as chairman of the Agriculture subcommittee of the House Appropriations committee, Mr. Whitten approved the arrangement. So did Chairman Mahon of Texas, of the parent committee.

Federal subsidies to keep cotton prices up are one thing; to aid tenant farmers, however, is quite another as any sensible person readily understands. Subsidies might sap the moral fiber of recipients; cotton is inanimate, fortunately, and already a fiber.

Mississippi's Eastland, a bulwark of free enterprise, is a large plantation owner in the Whitten district. Some heedless congressmen proposed last year to put a \$20,000 limit on what any individual may get in farm subsidies (Eastland and associates get \$157,000). The proposal actually passed the House. However, calmer counsels prevailed, and the plan was quietly dropped.

Will the Whittens and Eastlands speak for the Democrats in the next four years? The question has interest because the Presidential race for 1972 has already tacitly started. With a victory as narrow as Mr. Nixon's anything can happen. Mr. Nixon will speak for the Republicans, of course. And the Democrats - will it be Chairman Eastland, Judiciary Committee; McClellan, Government Operations; Russell Long, Finance?

The US really has a four-party system. There are the two Congressional parties; then there are the two outside "national" parties. The Congressional parties have great negative, or veto power; the national parties have a broader and generally less conservative viewpoint. Even with a President of its own name the Congressional party often doesn't go along.

Entrenched conservatives in Congress ganged up against the Kennedy legislative program in 1961-1962. And GOP leader Halleck said of the party's 1960 platform: "We will take it out and read it from time to time; but the Congressional people generally have little to do with writing party platforms."

Chairman Paul Butler, after the second Eisenhower victory in 1956, helped create the Democratic Advisory Council. It was intended to give the party a firm and eloquent national voice between conventions. It is what the defeated Democrats need today. Lyndon Johnson roared disapproval at Butler's action. He wanted to be spokesman himself. (That strange man President Johnson all but demobilized even the Democratic National Committee, and it was a shambles when Humphrey got nominated.)

The 1956 Advisory Council had 23 members including Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Govs. Harriman and Williams, Senators Kennedy, Humphrey, Kefauver and Symington, with Eleanor Roosevelt acting as consultant. Dean Acheson headed its foreign policy group, Ken Galbraith its economic group. It issued 16 policy statements.

When Democratic Governor Faubus called out the National Guard to bar Negro students at Little Rock in 1957, the Advisory Council boldly criticized him in the name of the Party.

The center of an American "out" party is as hard to find as that of a fog. Mr. Humphrey is theoretically "titular" leader but that means little. There are mayors, governors and non-political groups that deserve representation. Can alienated youth, or intellectuals, or ethnic groups be brought back into the party? Chairman Larry O'Brien ought to reinstitute the Advisory Council right away. Choice of party leaders in Congress is important but less so than an instrument that includes the whole party.

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McNamara's Bridge

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In his seven years in charge of the Pentagon, Robert S. McNamara never had trouble getting all the money he wanted, and more, for weapons. President of the World Bank since last April, McNamara hopes for similar financial success, raising money to lend countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America. But although spending lavishly on arms seems to irritate relatively few people, the idea of lending to the poor produces fears and tremors, especially among bankers. On November 2 in this space we applauded McNamara's intention to bridge by loans the dangerously widening breach between rich and poor nations. Last summer, the World Bank under McNamara's vigorous new leadership raised more money in 90 days than it had ever borrowed in an entire year. But not much more than half of a fall issue of World Bank bonds, for \$18.4 million in Swiss francs, was sold. The timing was unfortunate; speculators wanted Deutschmarks, not Swiss francs. Disgruntled Swiss bankers also blamed their semi-failure on McNamara, for emphasizing the duty of the Bank to do more to help backward countries, even at some risk. And in this country influential men whisper McNamara is weakening the Bank's credit. The Bank conceivably could lose some money. But its bonds are guaranteed to the tune of \$20 billion by governments, including the United States, and McNamara has made it clear that projects financed by the Bank will continue to get careful scrutiny.

McNamara's detractors want to help the poor, sure. But still more, they want the World Bank to continue making an annual risk-proof \$170-million profit. The two may not be entirely compatible. David Horowitz, governor of the Bank of Israel, argues rightly that if the Bank fails to help the poor countries it will have failed period, for success in its case does not mean turning a large profit with the regularity of "a Swiss clock." The Bank piles up dividends, and has accumulated a fat reserve of over \$1 billion, but hitherto has made what some consider a rather minuscule contribution to cracking the hard-nut problems of the underdeveloped countries. Its projects probably are better, with no strings, than foreign aid. But its loans now cost borrowers six-and-a-half percent. The rich countries run a real risk if their investors eschew World Bank bonds, even with a promise of that kind of return on their money. In a speech to Latin Americans last October, McNamara quoted from John F. Kennedy's inaugural: "If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich." Few things are more certain than

violent upheavals, revolution, more Vietnams all around the world the rest of this century and beyond, if 18 countries including the United States continue getting richer, while two billion people in 33 countries (not counting China) remain wretchedly poor.

Last September McNamara announced the Bank's refusal, under his command, to join what he called the general paralysis afflicting foreign aid. But his proposal of greatly stepped-up loans to poor countries left unanswered how such nations will afford high-interest borrowing. Many of them are already deep in debt. In 1960, the World Bank set up a subsidiary to cater specially to poor countries. The International Development Association (IDA) offered "soft" loans at under one percent. What has happened to IDA in its brief career throws dismal light on the relations between rich and poor. IDA never had more than about \$250 million to lend in any year, and last summer it ran almost completely out of money. It was agreed in March by IDA's backers, the governments of the rich nations, to let IDA have \$400 million replenishment a year, for three years. Congress refused to vote this country's \$480 million contribution over three years, even though Congress was assured that the money would be spent only in the United States causing no deficit. Congress also cut foreign aid last year, to \$1.8 billion, which still seems a handsome sum. A good deal of it, however, is tied in with military assistance, and, in terms of the percentage of its national income that goes to foreign aid, this country now ranks seventh, below France, Portugal, even little Austria. The United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) proposed at its session last year in New Delhi that the rich countries provide a minimum of one percent of GNP for aid, but no date was set for hitting this target. Foreign aid seems likelier to decline further than to increase. This year's US gross national product is projected at \$915 billion, a gain of \$55 billion, or 6.4 percent, over 1968. That's almost \$5,000 for each and every American. Meanwhile, Africa, Latin America and South Asia are barely crawling. At their pace, it will take them 70 years for annual income per head to advance to \$200.

McNamara firmly believes that ample funds are available for developing poor countries; it's the will to help that is lacking. Last November, he told an interviewer that Americans perhaps prefer spending money "on building automobiles we don't need" than on helping Indians and Indonesians. "But," he said, "let's not say we can't afford" to help them.

There is a misconception about how much aid is needed. If the task is made to look too enormous, people may decide it's unbearable. Lord Snow, the British novelist, probably confused the issue last November in his gloomy Malthusian lecture at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri. Snow doesn't think the rich

countries are about to face up to the problem, and predicted that around 1975 the rich may be watching millions of poor people die of famine, on their television screens. In fact, the world may now be moving out from the shadow of famine, thanks to high-yield crops promoted by the Ford and Rockefeller foundations, and fast-expanding use of fertilizers. Snow also talked about rich countries having to hand over 20 percent of their GNP's annually for 10 or 15 years, to put the poor nations on their feet. The rich are not going to part with a fifth of their national production for even one year. Fortunately, they don't have to. The problem of the gap is grave enough without exaggerating. Formerly exploited and drained of their raw materials and minerals by the industrialized countries the poor nations now can't even pay off their debt with their exports, exports for which (excepting oil) the rich countries no longer have urgent need, because of synthetics. Kennedy Round tariff cuts helped rich, not poor countries. The rich get richer by monopolizing 95 percent of world exports worth about \$100 billion a year, while the poor countries' trade stagnates. Dom Helder Camara, the Brazilian archbishop of Recife, says bitterly that 85 percent of the world is "condemned to misery in order to make possible the super comfort of 15 percent."

But the poor countries probably couldn't absorb more than an additional \$3 billion or so of capital each year, a 25 percent increase. Bank of Israel governor Horowitz has appealed for years for interest subsidies on loans to poor nations, the subsidies to come from government grants, the Bank's profits and the International Monetary Fund. He calculates that \$150 million of interest subsidies would enable \$3 billion of capital to be loaned at less than one percent. Why should there not be tax incentives to encourage institutional investors like pension funds and insurance companies to buy World Bank bonds? Money channeled through the Bank would overcome obstacles to private investing in poor but proud countries.

The Horowitz plan resembles proposals for an Urban Bank in this country, to lend at subsidized rates to fund-starved state and local governments. It ought to appeal to Republicans because the emphasis is on maximum participation by private capital. For that reason alone the Nixon Administration should support replenishment of IDA and also of the Asian Development Bank (ADB). *The New York Times* said last December 11 that without an infusion of money, "the gap between the standard of living of slum Negroes and that of most white Americans will continue to widen." That basically describes the international problem. In both cases, the answer is more lending and spending. McNamara at the helm of the World Bank deserves full support, not quiet backstabbing.

Equity and Electoral Reform

Cautiously, as befits a political organization opposing its own interests, Americans for Democratic Action has come out in favor of the Bar Association proposal for the popular election of Presidents, with a runoff in the event no candidate receives 40 percent of the total vote. The 1968 election, says ADA, "narrowly escaped the necessity of a chaotic testing" of the present system. But what of the chaos that a popular election would have given us in 1968? To avert this variety of chaos, ADA suggests "certain Federal standards." For example, there should be a uniform system of absentee voting, and there should be a standard national voting age. That is a prescription of aspirins to fend off pneumonia. As Professor Ernest J. Brown of the Harvard Law School has pointed out, one of the benefits of the present system is that it "isolates and insulates charges of voting irregularities." Given the electoral college, few such charges can make a difference, since most often a shift in popular votes, even if it should change the result in a state, will not affect the national outcome. And so claims of voting irregularity are most frequently dropped. But if everything depended on the total popular vote, would we not likely face in each close election, as Professor Brown has said, "reexamination of every ballot box and voting machine in the country, not to mention also the records of registration and qualification of voters"? The contest concerning the close senatorial vote in Oregon between Wayne Morse and Sen.-elect Robert W. Packwood is an example of what could easily happen on a national scale.

ADA recognizes that a popular election with a runoff would increase the threat of minor-party candidates. But ADA professes faith, based on past performance, in our two-party habit. Past performance tells us nothing, for it is performance within a system that discourages minor parties. Popular elections and a runoff will encourage them. The chaotic testing of a system of popular election is apt to involve us in an excruciating wait to see whether any one of several candidates gained 40 percent of the votes, and then, if the vote continues close in a run-off, whether anyone gained an ultimate majority. The short of it is that whatever the virtues of a popular election and a runoff may be, the avoidance of chaos in close races is not one of them.

As for those supposed virtues, ADA says merely that popular election is "the most equitable system." Yet it criticizes the old Lodge-Gossett proposal for dividing the electoral college vote in each state in proportion to the popular vote, and the Mundt proposal that there be two electors at-large and the rest chosen in congressional districts in each state. What the ADA finds wrong with these plans is that they tend to diminish

the influence of the major industrial states, and to put a premium on obtaining large vote margins in states that have more homogeneous populations and more homogeneous voting patterns. That is a perfectly sound argument, and in theory popular election is not vulnerable to it—but in theory only. In practice, popular election will have almost the same effect as the other two proposals. Hence if the Lodge-Gossett and Mundt plans are not equitable, it is difficult to see why ADA thinks that popular election would be.

When we discuss the electoral college, we are not discussing abstract equity in some polity that exists only on drawing boards and in equations, but practical equity in the American polity, as it is. "It is not only the unit vote for the Presidency we are talking about," said John F. Kennedy in successfully opposing the Lodge-Gossett and Mundt amendments in the Senate in 1956, "but a whole solar system of governmental power. If it is proposed to change the balance of power of one of the elements of the solar system, it is necessary to consider the others." The other elements of our political solar system, as we have previously pointed out, remain essentially unchanged, and this is the decisive factor in considering the equities of the whole.

Middle East Peace

It was a poor Israeli return for this country's promise of 50 supersonic jet warplanes, to attack Lebanon, the other Middle East nation with which the US has a special relationship. In 1957 President Eisenhower sent the Marines wading ashore to "rescue" Lebanon from a real or imagined left-wing takeover. Lebanese governments ever since have been pro-American, and not wildly anti-Israel. But the Arab terrorists who attacked an Israeli airliner at Athens, killing one Israeli passenger, have headquarters in Beirut. By destroying Lebanese airliners there (without any loss of life) the Israelis presumably hoped to terrify the Lebanese authorities into ousting the terrorists. The opposite is likelier: a Lebanese switch to a more actively anti-Israel policy, thus giving Israel its fourth hostile frontier.

The Israelis could have averted that possibility by refusing to over-react to the Athens incident. But their obvious fear that it was just the start of a new and deadlier form of Arab terrorism is understandable. The danger now is that such Arab acts will continue and Israel will again strike back in kind, touching off a new Middle East war. UN, US or worldwide condemnation of Israel doesn't help. Nor does saying the Arabs are the ones to blame. What's needed is Israeli withdrawals from annexed Arab territory in exchange for Arab acknowledgement of Israel's sovereignty.

Democratic Stirrings

Senator Edward Kennedy's surprise decision to challenge the erratic Majority Whip, Russell Long, coming on the heels of Rep. Morris Udall's bid to unseat House Speaker John McCormack, suggests that the younger, restless Democrats in Congress grasp the fact that their party's role is yet to be defined, and that if the Democrats are to speak to and for the future they need new, vigorous leaders.

As this is written, some days before their colleagues will pass on their challenges, the odds are against both Kennedy and Udall. The significance of their decisions lies not, however, in the likelihood of their immediate success, but in the audacity displayed. Had there been more of that quality shown last year, the Presidential election might have turned out differently.

On January 14, when the Democratic National Committee meets in Washington, D.C., there will be another opportunity to move forward—or stand pat. Last week, National Chairman Larry O'Brien was still weighing his own decision: should he or should he not step down. If he does, the committee may turn to ex-Gov. Terry Sanford of North Carolina, Kenneth O'Donnell, Rep. James O'Hara of Michigan, Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma or ex-Rep. Jack Gilligan of Ohio—all able, younger men with insight into what went wrong in 1968 and what might be done about it. The National Committee must also take formal steps to implement the promises of the Chicago convention, incorporated in the Hughes Commission report, to push for reform in the party structure.

With such stirrings in the aftermath of the Nov. 5 defeat of the national ticket, there should be at least one or two breakthroughs. If there aren't, and we'll know by mid-January, one must conclude that the party is still hopelessly mired in its past.

Investing in Space

But, after all the noise and excitement of this great space exploit have died away, we must still face up to the question of what it's all about. Aside from national pride, what is the space program really for? Thus Dr. Lee A. DuBridge posed the problem of lunar flight some seven years ago. As President Nixon's science adviser, Dr. DuBridge will have to emerge from clouds of academic rhetoric and provide some hard answers. Unfortunately, Apollo-8's success still finds the US space program in a curiously undefined condition.

The role of man in space is unresolved. Are astronauts stunt men, button-pushers, passengers or scientists? How do manned space flights compare in

value to instrumented missions? Did Apollo-8 add anything to scientific knowledge of the lunar surface? People tend to forget that Surveyor I soft-landed on the moon June 2, 1966 and Surveyor V performed chemical analyses of lunar soil on September 11, 1967. Further back in time, the greatest scientific discovery of the Space Age was made by Professor James A. Van Allen with Explorer I and its 18-pound package of instruments. This tiny payload sufficed to unveil the existence of radiation belts or zones of electrically charged particles around the earth.

The problems of evaluating man's value in space is certainly going to become acute when men land on the moon this summer. This will undoubtedly be the greatest spectacular in television's history. Scientists will avidly analyze the samples of lunar crust returned to earth. But ours is a century conditioned to the onrush of technology. What spectacle will a second lunar landing present?

Scientists are not in agreement on the moon as a research object. Some prefer Mars as an object of study. Here the average person has only a vague concept of how our solar system is structured. He hears talk of following up the Apollo project by sending men to Mars. Round trips to Mars would take a hundred times longer than Apollo-8 and require fantastic spaceships for the journey. It takes quantum jumps in time and in money to explore the earth's planetary neighbors.

If one thinks only in terms of cost effectiveness, one can make a strong case for instrumented as opposed to manned missions, especially in deep space.

However, manned spaceflight is very impressive as a display of advanced technology. Apart from the sheer drama of Apollo-8 there is the fact that the world was deeply impressed with the technical resources by means of which the United States accomplished the mission. Many countries must have coveted the massiveness and sophistication of the Apollo technology. Apollo-8 widened the technological gap about which NATO countries have been worried. Close examination of the productive value of much of the colossal plumbing and structure of Saturn V might make these worriers less alarmed. For it's not in the manned space program that practical economic benefits reside. Nor on the surface of the moon. A recent National Academy of Sciences study concluded: "That part of the NASA budget that is directly aimed at developing practical applications of space technology is now about \$100,000,000 per year or about 2 percent of the total." The applications spelled out in the study centered on using instrumented earth satellites.

Slum-dwellers, awed by Apollo-8 and subsequent flights, may conclude that they should receive space age benefits. If the United States can accomplish such wonders, they may reason, can't we have decent hous-

ng, good schools and a better life? More affluent Americans may have their own set of celestial expectations, including access to a flu vaccine, safer streets and better transportation. When Americans learn the limited value and high cost of man in space they may condemn the whole space program. This would be a tragedy. To be sure, America launched its moon project for reasons little related to science, but the Apollo program has demonstrated that US technical resources can be organized in an effective manner to focus on distant goals. There is great value in establishing goals that test a nation's technological vitality.

It is unlikely that the Nixon Administration will buy any grandiose plan for manned exploration of the solar system. More likely the civilian space agency might be absorbed into the Defense Department's domain. This would seriously cripple NASA's value. In certain areas military space activity duplicates NASA's and restricts its development. For example, in the field of remote sensing, i.e. the orbital application of instruments to survey earth resources, Pentagon security has clamped down on important civilian applications.

Any assessment of NASA's future must relate it to human needs. One way to illustrate the science priorities in the United States is to set down the research and development expenditures of the federal agencies during the past eight fiscal years:

	Billion
Department of Defense	\$58.3
National Aeronautics and Space Administration	33.8
Atomic Energy Commission	11.9

Health, Education, and Welfare	7.1
National Science Foundation	1.8
Commerce, Interior and others	5.4

The figures clearly reflect the Soviet domination of the US research and development effort.

With the landing of men on the moon – a terminus in the lunar race – it would appear an appropriate time to examine the nation's commitments to science and technology. The question "How much for space?" should not be answered in a vacuum. NASA funds should be related to the overall spending for science. All of which means that science spending must be put in some relation to the satisfaction of human needs.

Scientists in this country have not been able to set their affairs in order. There is no consensus on science priorities. Gradually the center of gravity on science policy has shifted to Capitol Hill. Half a dozen Congressional committees determine how research and development is funded. The House and Senate committees dealing with space may be expected to try boosting NASA appropriations for fiscal year 1970. But these budget increases must be tied to specific objectives. It is because of the nature of space, the relatively few manned mission options, the high cost of deep space missions and the cost comparisons of man-versus-instruments that NASA's spectacular success with Apollo-8 may have – along with the actual lunar landing – a strange aftermath.

Congressional debate on the future US space program will be one of the highlights of 1969. If we are to be serious about science we must begin to think in terms of the long-range future. RALPH E. LAPP

The Money-Lenders

by Jonathan Kwitny

A group of New Jersey borrowers stands to receive a windfall that could total well over \$100 million from companies that for years have operated a second-mortgage loan business. The loan companies, based in Philadelphia and operating through agents in New Jersey, have given loans to thousands of homeowners. The loans are secured by second mortgages based on the equity the borrower has built up in his house, and

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have contained hidden charges that sent the effective interest rate soaring as high as 58 percent. The Appellate Division of the state Superior Court recently came down with a ruling that may free all the borrowers from their obligation to pay up.

This bonanza has fallen into the laps of some of the state's most financially strapped citizens – families who moved into their first homes in suburban developments several years ago and soon found themselves over their heads in debt, with monthly payments sometimes exceeding their incomes. Besieged by credi-

tors, some of these inexperienced homeowners were ready to sign their lives away. They thought they saw a way out when they read newspaper advertisements advising them to "Wrap up all your financial headaches in one low-cost monthly package." All that was required was to call the local number listed in the ad. The number usually led to an answering service, which relayed names, addresses and phone numbers to the loan companies' New Jersey agents. The offices of these agents often were no bigger than the corner phone booth. An agent came calling, usually under a name different from the one used in the ad. The more devious the transaction, the more corporations it involved, the harder it would be to pin a complaint on the finance company that ultimately would collect the payments. The agent took information on the homeowner's financial needs and credit history, and departed with whatever he could get — perhaps \$25 and the deed to the house.

The agent would call back a week or two later. The closing usually was over in a few minutes, with the borrower seldom knowing that out of the total principal of his loan, he was getting barely half. In deference to the state usury law (no more than six percent interest), the rest of the money was listed as payment for assorted fees — an appraisal, a credit check and "other disbursements." The companies would wind up charging as much as \$1,500 for services whose actual cost was no more than \$75, usually less. Since these fees were part of the principal of the loan, the companies were, in effect, lending the borrowers the money to pay them. Onto the entire package they tacked the six percent interest. The borrowers may have been unaware they had signed a second mortgage on their home to secure the loan.

The second mortgage usually passed through several more corporate hands within days, ending up at the master loan company in Philadelphia, which could claim rights as a "holder in due course" (someone who buys a negotiable debt in good faith and automatically obtains rights to collect on the debt, no matter what complaints the debtor may have against the original creditor).

Consider the case of an Edison, N. J., couple who received a direct mail advertisement signed Mortgage Financial Research. MFR was not registered as a corporation in New Jersey, although the couple didn't know that. They saw an offer of a \$2,000 loan for payments of less than \$30 a month and quickly mailed the business reply card. A week later they received a telephone call from a man identified as a representative of Consolidated Credit Corp. Consolidated Credit was registered, but the only office it listed was that of its attorney in Newark. The representative came to the couple's house and left with their request for a

\$1,800 loan — along with \$50 cash for a credit investigation and their deed and payment book. These documents were not returned until after the couple signed the loan agreement. (Some companies hold the deeds for ransom; if the customer refuses the loan, he is charged another \$15 or so to get his deed back.)

Two weeks later, the couple heard from Consolidated Credit: the loan had been approved for \$1,700; they were to come to the attorney's office to sign the papers. There, they learned that in addition to the \$1,700, they would have to borrow a "small amount" for appraisal, inspection, credit investigation and disbursement. But they would pay only 6 percent interest.

Unaware that the small amount was \$1,560 — almost as much as the original loan — the couple signed. With interest, they are paying \$3,780 — \$63 a month for five years — for a loan of \$1,700.

Then began the well-rehearsed process of creating a holder in due course. Consolidated Credit sold the second mortgages it took to Oxford Discount Co. in Newark, sometimes using an intermediary company called Fiber-Lum Corp. of America. Oxford sold the mortgages to Atlas Subsidiaries of New Jersey, which transferred them to Atlas Credit Corp. of Philadelphia, which collected the payments.

Mortgage Financial Research and Consolidated Credit Corp. aren't doing business in central New Jersey anymore. Fiber-Lum, which had corporate ties to Consolidated Credit, is concentrating on the aluminum siding business these days. Oxford Discount, one of whose three incorporators is an officer of Fiber-Lum, handles financing for the siding deals and for the transactions of a backyard swimming pool company, Aqua-Rama. Fiber-Lum and Aqua-Rama were fined \$1,500 for fraud by the New Jersey Office of Consumer Protection in October.

Under the name Sunasco, the result of a merger, Atlas Credit recently was listed by financial columnist Sylvia Porter as the most successful issue on the New York Stock Exchange in the six months following March 31, 1968. Atlas — or Sunasco — is controlled by the Wolgin family. Jack Wolgin is a close associate of Philadelphia Mayor James H. J. Tate, who sits with Wolgin on the board of directors of the Industrial Valley National Bank of Philadelphia. Walter E. Alessandrini, attorney general of Pennsylvania from 1963 to 1967, has been on Atlas's board of directors.

In an effort to drive the second mortgage shysters out of the state, the New Jersey legislature in the summer of 1965 passed a tough Secondary Mortgage Loan Act. It requires second-mortgage lenders to be licensed by the state Department of Banking and Insurance. It limits, under penalty of fines, the amount of interest that can be charged — including the deductions for appraisal, inspection, credit investigation and all other costs or fees. It forbids agents to take commissions

from the borrower. It requires the lender to tell the borrower all important facts about the loan.

That law forced the mortgage-loan dealers to think up a new ruse. Unable to charge exorbitant fees for appraisals and the like, they proceeded to get the extra money by claiming they were running a furniture or appliance business on the side. Their advertisements continued to talk only about loans, and quoted the comparatively low repayment figures authorized by the new law. But borrowers unknowingly wound up buying merchandise from the agents. One agent sold a \$10 radio for \$500. Another sold a \$65 television set for \$519.50. A third sold a dinette set clearly priced in a catalog at \$123 for \$630.66.

Of course the borrowers either had no idea they were paying this extra money or else considered it an agent's fee. They usually were told about the merchandise after the rest of the deal was agreed upon. Then the agent mentioned that they had a free gift coming – a portable television set, a cheap lamp or a flimsy stereo. Among the papers they signed, usually without reading them, the borrowers agreed to “buy” the “free gift” at an outrageous price. In some instances, the loan companies arranged for signings to take place in Philadelphia, so they could claim the loans were made under Pennsylvania law, which permits higher interest charges. Borrowers drove to an agent's office in the Camden, N. J., area, then were hustled across the Delaware River into Philadelphia, often without knowing where they were going.

In September, 1967, *The News Tribune* of Perth Amboy published a series of articles detailing the activities of the Philadelphia loan companies and their agents throughout New Jersey. Arthur Sills, a Perth Amboy area lawyer who is New Jersey's attorney general and who would like to be its governor, spoke of driving the money-lenders out of the state. He and former-Congressman Charles R. Howell, the state Banking and Insurance Commissioner, charged four agencies and two loan companies with fraud, and have been investigating other companies. The state revoked the licenses of three agencies: Paul J. Truran, Patlind Inc., and Security National Fund Inc. Charges against three other companies – Crescent Investments Co., Mutual Home Dealers and First Mercantile of New Jersey – await disposition. Truran, Patlind, Security and Crescent, all with offices in the Camden area, all advertised to New Jersey borrowers and sent them or took them to Philadelphia to sign loans. Some of Crescent's customers excepted, the deals involved over-priced merchandise.

Mutual Home Dealers is a financing house that collects on mortgages negotiated by a number of agents, including Truran and Crescent Investments. Among its assets, Mutual Home Dealers has listed more than \$7 million in collectable IOU's, many of which are

secured by second mortgages on private homes. Hearings scheduled last winter on fraud charges against the company were postponed because Mutual's lawyer was busy elsewhere – as governor of New Jersey. (The lawyer, Sido Ridolfi, president of the State Senate, was acting chief executive of the state while Gov. Richard Hughes was recuperating from an eye operation.)

First Mercantile of New Jersey is a subsidiary of First Mercantile Co., a multi-million dollar Philadelphia second-mortgage lender. Persons who answered advertisements from Security National Fund often were led to First Mercantile of New Jersey if they wanted loans of less than \$1,500. Persons who wanted bigger loans were taken to the parent company in Philadelphia.

The key enforcement section of New Jersey's Second Mortgage Loan Act declares that if the law is violated in the making of a loan, the borrower does not have to pay back the money. It is on this section that both the state and the loan companies have trained their big legal guns. The battle began a year ago when one of the biggest second-mortgage lenders, Oxford Consumer Discount Co., Philadelphia, a subsidiary of Oxford Finance Co., whose stock on the American Stock Exchange more than doubled in value in 1968, filed what seemed to be a routine suit to collect a defaulted mortgage of \$4,500 in Essex County Court, Newark. The defendants, Anthony and Theresa Stefanelli, apparently made their loan in the classic way – answering an advertisement from a New Jersey company, being referred to a Philadelphia agent who charged them several hundred dollars for a small appliance, then being sent to the loan company.

The Stefanellis were defended in the collection suit by a Newark lawyer, Bernard Bukarest, who raised the Secondary Mortgage Loan Act as a defense. Judge William J. Camarata ruled the law did not apply because the loan was signed in Philadelphia. Thereupon, Sills' office and Essex County Legal Services, a federal anti-poverty agency, decided to appeal to the Appellate Division of the Superior Court. Mrs. Annamay T. Sheppard of Legal Services took over as the Stefanellis' lawyer, and Deputy Atty. Gen. Douglas Harper became *amicus*. Other court battles blossomed.

Late last August, Superior Court Judge Herbert Horn of Atlantic County agreed to void the mortgage of a couple involved in a typical second-mortgage loan case, and said he would do the same for “the ‘run-of-the-mill’ case” under the act. Then, on Sept. 11, a three-judge panel from the state's second highest court, the Appellate Division, decided the Stefanelli case. The Stefanellis did not have to pay.

As long as that decision stands, neither, it appears, do thousands of others have to pay. Of course there will be an appeal; more than \$100 million is at stake.



Robots and Rebels

by Arthur P. Mendel

In a lengthy *Encounter* article just one year ago, where he developed a theme outlined earlier in *The New Republic*, Zbigniew Brzezinski heralded the imminent arrival of a "technetronic" age with the feverish excitement of Paul Revere announcing the British. And no wonder, for the transformation to come from the cybernetic miracle will not only be greater than that resulting from the French and Russian revolutions, but will, he believed, produce "in the next several decades a mutation potentially as basic as that experienced through the slow process of evolution from animal to human experience." Computers will reason as well as man and may begin to approach man in their "creative capacities" and perhaps even "outstrip man"; human conduct will become "more predetermined and subject to deliberate 'programming'; man will increasingly possess the capacity to determine the

sex of his children, to affect through drugs the extent of their intelligence and to modify and control their personalities"; "it will soon be possible to assert almost continuous surveillance over every citizen," "well-nigh total political surveillance"; experts having the knowledge necessary to anticipate and plan will replace the plutocratic élite as the latter replaced the rural aristocracy, thereby encouraging tendencies "towards a technocratic dictatorship"; the university, consequently, will cease being "an aloof ivory tower, the repository of irrelevant, even if respected, wisdom," and the intellectual community will change from the abode of the "largely humanist-oriented, occasionally ideologically-minded intellectual-dissenter" to that of "experts and specialists . . . who become in effect, house ideologues for those in power."

These changes will not come in 1969. But they will

come, and those who reject them are simply responding to the coming technetronic age the way peasants, Luddites and Chartists responded when the agrarian society entered the Industrial age. Or, like National Socialists, Fascists and the Red Guard, they in other ways represent "the last spasm of the past, and thus not really revolutions, but counterrevolutions." Consequently, instead of being granted "ambivalent concessions by the authorities in power," the nay-sayers should be "suppressed quickly" in "an early confrontation." And thereafter, the authorities should "make certain that the revolutionary forces cannot later rally again under the same leadership. If that leadership cannot be physically liquidated, it can at least be expelled from the country (or area) in which the revolution is taking place. Emigrants rarely can maintain themselves as effective revolutionaries."

Assuming we take this seriously, and not as Iron Mountain fantasy, it is very serious indeed, and not only because of the author's close association with several power worlds. Its essential significance, I think, is in the character of the thought itself. When Brzezinski's artificial beings become self-conscious this is how and what they will think. Here is the ideology of the robots, the justification of their domination and – to carry further this science-fiction anthropomorphism – their totalitarian ambition "to affect directly almost all aspects of life." We are here in the world of instruments and of the fuel that keeps them going – quantifiable information, "hard data." Man's role is to help provide and process this information, keep the artificial beings healthy and further refine them, although even this seems only a temporary function since the machines not only reason better than man but threaten to outstrip him in creative capacities.

Mr. Brzezinski believes that the availability and continuing sophistication of instruments, together with the gargantuan amassing of data, means somehow that man is moving "increasingly into the phases of controlling or even creating his environment." When Brzezinski leaves the spotless computers and turns to the world of real, not artificial, beings he shows us that things are getting disastrously *out of control*: "increasingly purposeless masses" forced by these developments into "sullen withdrawal from social and political involvement"; black revolutions, our "feudal legacy," and New Left risings, our Luddities; the frantically driven technetron who pays the price of power by working longer, harder and faster "either to keep up with others or because he thinks he can thus accomplish more;" the backward, third-world nations falling farther and farther behind until they give up trying and retreat to dictatorship and xenophobic

fanaticism; the acquisition of evermore effective "chemical and biological weapons, death rays, neutron bombs, nerve gases, and a host of other devices"; and the likelihood that local wars "may occasionally erupt – resulting perhaps even in the total nuclear extinction of one or several smaller nations? – before greater international control is imposed in the wake of the universal moral shock thereby generated."

Why this inverse relationship between scientific progress and human distress? It is precisely the woefully naïve confusion between means and ends, between tools and values that Brzezinski once more displays in this almost perfect example of one-dimensional thinking. In part, it is a regression to primitive fetishism, a belief that the ritualistic manipulation of technical agencies by itself assures good and wards off evil. In part, it is a particularly dreadful example of that modern false-consciousness that either hypostasizes technology and its subsidiary organizations into self-perpetuating, demiurgic forces too important and too powerful to heed soft and fuzzy human values or, far worse, virtually identifies human value and welfare with the success of these agencies themselves.

Fortunately, Brzezinski is not quite perfectly one-dimensional. He is not, after all, an artificial being, and here and there his own humanity comes through to us, providing an obligato of human protest against his own grim utopia. Towards the end, for example, the humanist in him bursts forth in a final appeal, warning us that "in the developed world, the nature of man as man is threatened," and urging that "increasing attention will have to be given to giving man meaningful content – to improving the quality of life for man *as man*," that there is need for "dialogue on what it is about man's life that we wish to safeguard or to promote."

But what, I wonder, have data storage banks, push-button information retrieval, and the "objective and systematic" selection and training of technetrons to do with questions like these? After all the horrors that in our century have accompanied the spectacular achievements of science and technology, it should be obvious that answers to these existential questions will never come from sophistication of tools or from the puerile pride mastery of them has given us.

This *hubris* and the aggressive, mastery-compulsion that feeds it, and the deterministic myths that rationalize it are themselves largely responsible for the very evils they self-deceptively claim to meliorate. Men and women must again decide what they want and not submit to the assignments that the machines and the organizational structures dictate, assignments that no longer serve mankind but the machines and organizations themselves, as ends in themselves.

Notwithstanding his occasional expressions of hu-

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manist sensitivity, Brzezinski makes abundantly clear his intention to march, chin up and full stride, into the technetronic age. And why should he not, since it is for him a familiar and congenial world. What, after all, are his technetrons but the ideological offspring of Burnham's managerial revolution, fighting a rear guard action against those forces that are slowly dismantling their dreary and anxious world. As with all earlier élites in the process of being displaced, they disguise their fears and justify their violence by appeals to some objective legitimacy, social necessity or historical inevitability.

It is, thus, to Brzezinski himself and not his New Left opponents that the epithet "counterrevolutionary" applies. For the dramatic revolution in process in the advanced societies today is *exactly the opposite* of that which Brzezinski proclaims. It is the revolution of those who have joined in the Great Refusal against that pitiful caricature of man created by five centuries of urban, technological and scientific progress — *homo economicus*. The essential accusation of the Great Refusal is directed against the subordination of human experience to the economic processes of the consumer society and its increasingly more absurd products, to the aggressive militarism that at least in our case has become so tightly interwoven with this society, and to the gigantic, impersonal organizations through which it all functions.

The Great Refusal may be either active or passive. It is active when the rebels insist on action that has clearly human, moral or creative value: they may be activists in the more publicized civil rights movement, Peace Corps, community action committees, or anti-war demonstrations, or in the more private ways in which they choose careers of social service or aesthetic creativity rather than those associated with traditional success and the pursuit of power. There is a drop in engineering school enrollment. Law firms raise beginning salaries sharply to counter the decline in applicants. Scientists forgo the lush military and commercial contracts. And should they willy-nilly find themselves caught in the commercial-industrial world, the rebels undermine its essential ethos, make it more mellow and humane. The Great Refusal is passive when the rebels just let go, step down from the treadmill of time and achievement into a timeless present, the residence of sensual and contemplative delight. Here, too, there are the dramatic and the more covert expressions, both the spectacular hippies and the more reticent but more important millions who are finding the time that was supposedly never there to enjoy the books, music, sports, arts and crafts, travel, open companionships and all the other joys that economic man could only skimpily, grudgingly and guiltily allow

himself. For technetronic man much of this may be intolerable hedonism; but for "man as man" it is the leap to freedom that utopians envisioned and that centuries of technological achievement and human self-sacrifice have at last prepared.

As long as deprivation and scarcity characterized social existence, as long as economic progress continued to mean a struggle for securing the material basis for social existence, these opponents, as Brzezinski correctly says, were powerless and easily overcome. What Brzezinski fails to see is that the achievement of the affluent society, the victory of science and technology, the assurance of the material conditions of life comprise a qualitative change that radically alters all this. From being innocuous irritants, the opposing forces are in fact acquiring, through the very processes of the system they oppose, the power to dethrone economic man, to soften then dissolve the taut constraints, the repressions and obligations that have welded generations of mankind with other "factors of production" into our dismal social factory.

If Marx's manifesto came too soon, Brzezinski's comes too late. Marx did not see that it would make little difference who "owned" the industrial society, that in conditions of scarcity, socialist managers are at least as exploitative as capitalist. It is more than coincidence that the young Marx, Marx the humanist, is rediscovered when conditions are at last ripe, as they were not before, to fulfill the youthful and generous vision of truly free men that Marx shared with many others. Brzezinski comes along with his "number of systematic, scholarly efforts" to demonstrate that the now anachronistic reign of economic men, of men obsessed with techniques and production, time and efficiency has hardly begun. It is, again, Brzezinski and not the New Left who thinks and acts as though we were still in the mid-19th century; for while the rebels are drawing the proper conclusions from the attainment of affluence, he is still wed to the norms of scarcity and deprivation.

The Great Refusal is exactly the kind of revolutionary movement one would expect to emerge from the affluent society. It is precisely the Great Refusal that focuses on the "psychic" problems, the problems of leisure, of "giving man meaningful content" and "improving the quality of life for man as man," on the concerns that Brzezinski himself realizes are among the most compelling that men and women in the advanced societies face. And it is a revolution that draws together the generations, belieing too hasty assertions about the generation gap. The young have learned many of their lessons, and have found much of their voice, from a long list of adult social critics, past and present; names like Marcuse, Goodman, De Grazia, and Galbraith are only the most recent of a long heritage.

ut more important still, the rebellious youth have found varying degrees of support from their own parents, who, while too rigidly formed, too "up-tight," so well "programmed" to abandon the compulsive style themselves, nevertheless sense that their children are right in trying to do so, that the affluent society has removed the risks such autonomy used to entail, that their children need not run as scared as they did.

It is absurd for politicians, judges, scholars and elder statesmen to scold the parents for "permissiveness": this misses the whole point of what is going on. Moreover, the weakness of the parental position in this confrontation with their children is all the greater because of the essential ambivalence that has always existed in our economized life, our deep belief that it is somehow sinful to strive obsessively for material accumulation, to compete aggressively against our fellow men, to ignore the poor and to condone mendacity and hypocrisy as socially, politically or economically necessary. What can the parents say to the children who come urging love instead of hate, service instead of self-aggrandizement, beauty instead of fashion, communion instead of competition? How can they denounce those who have initiated and carried through the civil-rights movement and the anti-war demonstrations, those who have made such noble enterprises as the Peace Corps a reality, and who today strive through their free universities and in other ways to preserve liberal education, education that concerns human, existential questions rather than the further refinement of already super-sophisticated computers, the better marketing of lipstick, or the concoction of more deadly nerve-gases?

SStill, if the youth have found guidance and support among the adult world, it is nonetheless true that they are the effective vanguard of the "new class" and its Great Refusal. It is in these years of late adolescence, the years between the dependency of childhood and the dependency of adult, family responsibilities, that one is psychologically ready and socially able to stand outside of one's society and the image of it in oneself and judge them both. And to this extent the rebellion is part of the familiar and repeated assault of each generation of youth against the older authorities, both a necessary step towards adult autonomy and a last defense of youthful spontaneity and diversity. However, and this, I think, is the crux of it all, the meaning of the Great Refusal and of the leading role of youth in it, this customary adolescent reluctance to give up freedom for constrained roles or critical honesty for socially required hypocrisy, now coincides with the possibilities that affluence is beginning to allow society as a whole – for the first time in human history – to preserve or regain such freedom

and honesty. Youth no longer speaks only for itself: it defines an era. And, understandably, it is at the universities of the country where this definition takes form. Not only because it is here that so many of the sensitive, thoughtful and articulate youth find themselves, but also because it is here that they learn to look critically at different societies and values, including their own, to see truth rather than social conventions, and is here they acquire an arsenal of perennial human values with which to sustain their struggle for the good society.

One may appreciate Brzezinski's visceral preference for technetronic social management rather than all that "hedonism." That is his business. But it is difficult to understand how after two decades of close association with historical determinist thinking – first his involvement in Soviet studies, then his collaboration with Rostow's neo-Marxist justification for our Vietnam monstrosities – how after all this he can write that "a crucial consideration in judging the validity and significance of the revolutionary process is to determine whether it is historically relevant," that the New Left represents just another "last spasm of the past," "the death rattle of the historical irrelevants?" What does he say when he reminds himself that this kind of thinking helped justify the bloodshed and the terror of Stalinism?

As I have argued, there is good reason to think that it is the rebels of the Great Refusal and not the technetronic servitors who speak for the future. I have in mind the increasing number of youth in universities and their growing role throughout the society; the spread among them of all sorts of cults for letting go and their leading involvement in all the movements opposed to Brzezinski's utopia; the revival among the social sciences of personalist, subjectivist approaches in opposition to the heretofore dominant behaviorists; the spread of the humanistic psychology movement; the not-so-coincidental upsurge of anthropological studies of primitive societies, religious studies in mythology, and historians' interest in aristocracies; the richly emotional qualities of contemporary art; the leisure and sexual-sensual liberation; the growing influence of the underground church; the ubiquitous sprouting of small groups of all sorts where personal communion is rediscovered. It is mainly a quiet revolution, one without the programs and leadership that Brzezinski's 19th century mind considers prerequisite for an historically relevant revolution. It is not waiting for the cataclysmic confrontation that Marcuse, repeating Marx's error, seems to think necessary for this coming social transformation. It is taking place now, gradually changing the face of our society, the quality of our thought and experience, and the character of our behavior.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

True and Otherwise

The very first shot (after the titles): a glimpse—not more than a second—of the hero's face. Then a fast cut to the house in the woods toward which he was turning his head. So small an unconventionality, that opening, yet so radical. Immediately there's a thrill of expectation that this film is in the hands of a director with a vision of his own, and the expectation is quick-

Here's Your Life

(Brandon)

The Sea Gull

(Warner Bros.-Seven Arts)

Red Beard

(Lee International)

ly confirmed. The film is quiet, visually lovely, done with an ingenuity that enriches its materials instead of distracting us. It's the first feature by a 37-year-old Swede named Jan Troell, a former schoolteacher who has made some shorts for children. Troell directed, photographed, and edited, and he is co-author of the script (based on a novel by Eyvind Johnson) with the Swedish critic Bengt Forslund.

Here's Your Life it's called, and that's exactly what it's about, in two senses. Here are the formative events of young Olof's life in northern Sweden from age 14 to 18, during the years of World War One, and here now is life waiting for him at the end of those formative years. The story is quite ordinary: Olof's first jobs, in a lumbercamp, in a country movie theater, as projectionist for a traveling movie show, in a railroad yard; his first sex experiences; his first intellectual and

Marxist political experiences. But Troell knows as well as we do that the materials are familiar, knows that his deep engagement with them is apt but insufficient, that he must treat them with art to make them both fresh and endearingly familiar. He succeeds generally well in this, and he does more: he composes a little poem on his country. He is a Swede making a film about Sweden, about the north of Sweden—hard, with men companionable against the cold, with those specially delightful summers that come around in cold regions. It was Lewis Mumford, I think, who said that we can no longer be nationalists but that we must not stop being regionalists. Troell is singing this region through the story of young Olof.

Some outstanding Swedish actors appear in relatively small roles. Per Oscarsson, who was tremendous as the hero of *Hunger*, is a railroad worker. Gunnar Björnstrand, a Bergman stalwart, is the theatre owner. Ake Fridell and Ulf Palme and Ulla Sjöblom, all familiar faces if not names, are the touring impresario, a sawyer, a carnival lady of generous virtue. Their parts are all minor, except Miss Sjöblom's, and they are all fine; and the fact that they are in those small parts gives the picture an added aura of integrity. Only Eddie Axberg, the Olof, is merely adequate. Troell clearly wanted a credible working-class boy and not a charm-bomb, but, with Axberg, credibility is about all he got.

As for what happens to Olof, Troell traces it delicately—with deft, significant ellipses, with humor, and with some superb photography. Some random samples: a grizzled lumberjack skips along gracefully over logs in a river, and a double image of him appears just behind him, embodying his grace as a separate entity and somehow prefiguring his death. When shy Olof teaches a shy girl how to ride a bike, the sound-track repeats the soppy violin-piano music of the movie-house pit duo—which they had played for a torrid vamp movie. In one unearthly shot, a sled bearing a casket slips along under a sky as completely white as the ground below. And on the old film battlefield of the bed, Troell manages to devise one fresh strategy: the woman and the boy sit on opposite sides dressing in the morning; we see

them past the footboard, separated but connected by it.

Not all of the film is successful. There are too many freeze-frames—device that by now has become the June-moon of poetic film-making. There is a flashback in color (the rest is black and white) about a minor character's wife, which is overemphasized by the color and overlong. The character of the carnival woman, though well played, goes past the familiar into the stock. And there seem to be a few wisps and loose ends (What happened with the railway strike?) The picture has obviously been condensed. *The International Film Guide 1968* says that *Here's Your Life* runs 167 minutes, "the longest Swedish film ever made." The version being shown here runs 110 minutes. Perhaps it was Troell himself who condensed it, and I'm not necessarily regretting it, because a film needs to be a considerable masterwork to justify 167 minutes' running time. But whoever did it left some threads hanging.

Let none of this discourage you from seeing the picture. As is, it's a gentle, humane work by a newcomer of outstanding versatility and gifts. His attitude toward artistic tradition is the one I admire most: he follows no rule just because it exists, he breaks no rule just because it exists. He comes from somewhere, artistically speaking, but he insists on coming from there, not staying.

Since he finished *Here's Your Life* in 1966, Troell has made a second feature, *Eeny, Meeny, Miny Moe*—with Per Oscarsson as a schoolteacher—which won the Berlin Festival prize in 1968. I hope we can see it soon.

In contrast with Troell, from the very first moment of *The Sea Gull*, it's clear that Sidney Lumet doesn't know what to do and so is going to do lots and lots of things. Long shots of scenery, a girl—presumably Nina—galloping a horse on the other side of the lake. Insecure, irrelevant, just pretty. Then, in utter distortion of the play, we see Masha and Medvedenko in a little sexual tussle in the grass. Somehow they manage to slide from this tussle into the somber opening lines, and we are off. Far off. Lumet apparently wanted to make his outdoor scenes

(Continued on page 33)

Books and the Arts

Bellow's Stories

by Theodore Solotaroff

One afternoon a few years ago I was returning to New York from a lecture I had given. The subject was recent Jewish writing: Bellow, Malamud, Roth: aspiration, suffering, spiritual discovery, and so forth. My audience had risen to the "theme" as suburban Jewish ladies will, and rocked along by the Long Island Railroad I was still amused and touched by the mood of

Mosby's Memoirs and Other Stories
by Saul Bellow
(Viking Press; \$5.00)

idealism I had induced. The soft facts of life are not to be discounted, I thought; otherwise why has man developed sentiments? It is a matter of raising the level, of supporting the impulses to be good and true. The other solitary passengers in the car, I imagined, carried the same "counsels of the heart" that I had been talking about and that were stirring in my own. Then, moved to place more of the world within my transforming awareness, I looked out the window.

There were the outskirts of Queens. It was about four of a winter afternoon, the sky about 30 feet up, the flats looking like a testing ground for biological warfare, the horizon smoking away. Then the train passed a town: impacted files of bungalows and long slabs of brick two-families, a huddle of gas stations around an intersection, an all-purpose shopping center, then the wasteland again. What had been swamp 25 years ago was now a community, but everything conveyed a sense of the grimness of things, as though only the tenacity of the inhabitants kept such places from sinking back into the landfill of ashes and garbage. All of it seemed terribly remote to my vision and obdurate in its own: its aspirations were expressed

by the TV antennas, its values were "property" and "Blue Book." Queens was the social contract writ large and, placed against it, any better scheme of life seemed evanescent. Go tell it to the owners of those brick two-families, shouldered together like a team making a goal-line stand, protecting those few feet of lawn in the back. "The counsels of the heart." My own heart sank. And who was I to say they were wrong—the millions of them? So they would never read Saul Bellow. . . .

All of which came back to me as I was reading this collection of his stories. Hot for uplift, I had apparently missed the basis. Not that Bellow isn't a humanist but that he is also a realist: his fiction begins about the point where my little shock of recognition left off: the resistance, density, intractability of normal life. This is why his imagination is so strong. It has to be: it encompasses and lifts the full weight of a man's existence. This, in turn, is why his characters are so real: Joseph, Leventhal, Wilhelm, Henderson, Herzog, whose principle might be, "I am burdened, therefore I am." In "A Father-to-Be," a young research chemist rides the subway to dine with his expensive Jewish princess of a girlfriend and finds himself studying with disgust a smug middle-aged man in a stylish overcoat and blue suede shoes: the very prototype, Rogin realizes with horror, of what their prospective son would be like in 40 years:

"What a vision of existence it gave him. Man's personal aims were nothing, illusion. The life force occupied each of us in turn in its progress toward its own fulfillment, trampling on our individual humanity, using us for its own ends like mere dinosaurs or bees, exploiting

love heartlessly, making us engage in the social process, labor, struggle for money, and submit to the law of pressure, the universal law of layers, superimposition."

The beginning is Schopenhauer, the ending is pure Bellow. The law of pressure, layers, superimposition: that is how he builds up figure and ground, so that Rogin's ride on the IRT on a Sunday night becomes as effortful and portentous as a bad dream.

As most of these stories indicate, Bellow has an extraordinary ability to enter directly into the mixed conditions of a particular life or experience and conduct the reader toward a general truth embedded in it. Three of the six stories—and they are the three that matter most; they may well be masterpieces—mine the ore of common life: a mismatched old woman in the Utah desert trying to hold onto her house and independence; a white intellectual trying to deliver relief checks in the black belt; the rise and strife of an immigrant Jewish family. But each of them is far from commonplace. Against the dullness, stupidity, hopelessness of Hattie's struggle in the Utah desert, against the terrific vacuousness and gloom of the Chicago ghetto during the Depression, against the stridency and acquisitiveness of the Braun family, a steady and searching pressure of consciousness is exerted, encompassing and at the same time animating, preserving things both in their literalness and multivalence. In "Looking for Mr. Green," George Grebe searches in one of the tenements:

"He began to climb to the third floor. Pieces of plaster ground under his feet; strips of brass tape from which the carpeting had been torn away marked old boundaries at the sides. In the passage, the cold reached him worse than in the street; it touched him to the quick. The hall toilets ran like springs. . . . Then he struck a match in the

gloom and searched for names and numbers among the writings and scribbles on the walls. He saw WHOODY-DOODY GO TO JESUS, and zigzags, caricatures, sexual scrawls, and curses. So the sealed rooms of pyramids were also decorated, and the caves of human dawn. The information on the card was, TULLIVER GREEN - APT. 3D. There were no names, however, and no numbers."

Along with the clarity of observation, an imaginative idea is working through this material like yeast in dough, and eventually it will make the story rise, as the passage itself does, to indicate something of the inner truth of our human relationships and to restate it in action. The decay of the tenement, the regression to the primitive cave-like conditions of shelter, the atavistic markings, the gloom, the anonymity stand at one extreme; the ex-classicist Grebe and his address-cards and checks at the other. The social nexus between them has collapsed, revealing in a particularly naked form what

Grebe's erudite boss refers to as "the fallen world of appearances." This is the terrain that Grebe must cross, full of fantasy and tension, for the "faltering of organization [has] set free a huge energy, an escaped, unattached, unregulated power from the giant raw place." At the beginning of the story, Grebe feels he might as well be looking for Mr. Green in the jungle, but, as he comes to realize, and this makes him press on in his search, the adversity of appearances is an aspect of the general fate in a city like Chicago, where neighborhoods such as this one rise and fall into ruin every 50 years. Amid so much flux, what then abides?

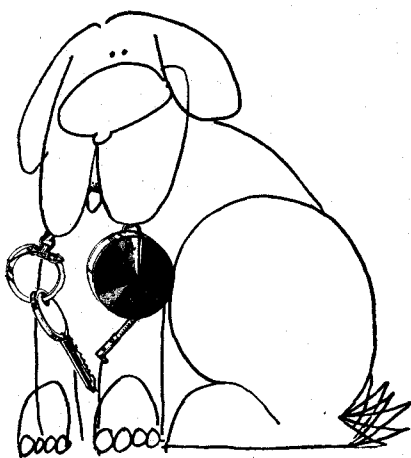
"Objects once so new, so concrete, that it could [not] have occurred to anyone they stood for other things, had crumbled. Therefore, reflected Grebe, the secret of them was out. It was that they stood for themselves by agreement, and were natural and not unnatural by agreement, and when the things themselves collapsed the agreement became visible."

As one of his other clients helps him see, this "agreement" is a function of human trust - and need: "the need that keeps so many vast thousands in position." The reality system is no different, finally, from the money system. When Grebe finally finds Mr. Green's address he is met by a naked, drunken, obscene, angry woman who refuses to identify herself. But having learned what he has learned, Grebe gives her the check: she stands for Mr. Green and Grebe has to trust too.

This metaphysics of the human tie, as Grebe scornfully reminds himself, is pretty remote to the immediate conditions in this jungle of blight between Cottage Grove and Ashland. In the face of such misery, he can only mark the honest direction of his imagination - the question of whether "there is something that is dismal and permanently ugly" in the human covenant - and press on to deliver his very real check. As Norman Podhoretz points out in a concise and trenchant reading of the novels up to *Herzog* (in *Doings and Undoings*), Bellow's social and political bias has been pretty much the neo-conservative one, with which Podhoretz associates his pessimism,

his refusal to arraign the institution that produce his character's malaise: his damming up and deflection of rage and his tendency to end his darned novels on an upbeat note: recently that of love. The detection of this bias is accurate but to ask Bellow to drop it and to adopt a more radical one is to ask him to turn his art, and the ideas and emotions that support it, upside down. What Bellow knows before he knows anything else - known in his bones - is the settled weight and ambiguity of existence, both inner and outer. It is precisely from this feeling for the accumulation of circumstance, contingency, error, conflict, paradox, anomaly, as an individual experience of it, that he derives his amazing descriptive power - a power, incidentally, that makes *Seize the Day* the best criticism of the money culture, as it affects the middle class, that I know of. To open his art to meliorative politics would be to rob it of its specific gravity and to place Bellow outside his own sense of the perdurable and the changing from which he draws his clues to the "axial lines" of a life and its place in the scheme of things. He is at heart an essentialist: man and his nature are absolutes and what is most true is what most preserves a man in his emotions and duration and kind. To the "law of layers, superimposition," Bellow has no solution: but the mastering emotion he prescribes and through which he conducts his protagonists is clearly not love, as Podhoretz says, but grief: the active kind, that lifts some of the burden of mismanagement off the spirit and allows it to breathe.

Take Hattie Simmons Wagoner, a "city woman," still proud of her Philadelphia connections, her china, linen, engraved stationery, who has been eking out an existence for 20 years at Sego Desert Lake, with the local Indians and Mexicans, the dudes from the nearby ranch, the six white residents, Mistress of a long-departed cowboy, companion and servant to another old divorcee, whose house she has inherited, Hattie is a "character": a "cheerful, plugging, absent," and hard-drinking old woman of 72, who keeps her canned goods on her library shelves and more than anything else wants "to be thought of as a rough, experienced woman of the West." One day, driving drunk and fast as usual, she stalls her



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r on a railroad crossing, and while it being towed off, her arm is broken. ie tries to go on against the odds, hich include a record of dependency, ntasy, procrastination, dispersion, at the pain and impairment from her jury have brought on senility and the arsh, testing way of life in the desert as become too much for her. Yet she unable to leave her house and its elated satisfaction, unable to live with er stuffy brother, unable to accept ld age and death. Like her car, she is alled at the crossing. Her plight hips her through the gamut of emons — rage, resentment, regret, grief — nd forces her toward the belated recognition of the borrowed, jerry-built tructure of her life: "I was never one ingle thing anyway . . . Never my wn. I was only loaned to myself." Vanting to make at least the final gsure of responsibility, to sign her unbalanced account with a flourish of ride, she sits down to make her will nd give away her house. But soon drunk again, her mind staggering from ne unsatisfactory beneficiary to the ext, she once more assails what she knows to be sensible and proper, and eaves her house to herself.

Now, to draw a moral (the retributions of sloth and illusion) or to extract a social meaning (the neglect of he aged) is to lose the immediacy and ife-meaning of Hattie's batty and oignant will to live, of the intricately elated processes by which she succors as well as defeats herself. It is also to dislodge the figure from the ground — Bellow's beautifully rendered mixture of the pseudo-frontier and the exigent desert community where the reality principle still rules. Finally, it is to denature his art, whose power derives from his grasp of the primary emotions and essential issues of a life and which culminates, like Tolstoy's, in an image of the necessary, of the way things are.

Finally, there is "The Old System," Bellow's most recent story and a high point in his career. An immigrant Jewish family chronicle, it is written with an authority of observation and insight that enable its forty-odd pages to outstrip almost all the fiction that has come to burden this subject. One lazy Saturday, the traditional day of rest and reentry. Dr. Braun, a ranking

geneticist, finds himself meditating on his two cousins from upstate New York, Issac and Tina Braun, the one "born to be a man in the direct Old Testament sense," who trusted the old system of the patriarchs and became a millionaire, the other, a harsh, obese, rapacious woman who trusted nothing, hated her brother's success, and eventually forced him to bring \$20,000 when she was dying of cancer in order to be reconciled with her. Now they are both dead. What did all that energy and effort and emotional tumult signify? Dr. Braun reviews the circumstance and events, looking for the patterns of causation, the general human implications "within the peculiar system of light, movement, contact, and perishing in which he tried to find stability." Heredity and nurture, cultural transmission, ego psychology, recent social history, even astronomy, offer their perspectives, framing his idea that these two hostages he has given to death represented "necessary exis-

tence." But the main point that is revealed about their respective lives is the emotional core: deep, solid, old-fashioned in Issac; volatile, manipulative, modern in Tina.

"Oh, these Jews — these Jews! Their feelings, their hearts. He often wanted nothing more than to stop all this." But whether direct or devious, natural or undergoing the modern perversions, quietly spinning a destiny or making a circus out of dying, emotions are what Dr. Braun, having grieved, in his fashion, for his cousins and buried them again, finds himself left with: messy, uncertain data alongside the molecular processes, yet humanity's vague clue to "why life, why death," and its possible link to "the great begetting spasm billions of years ago" that cast the stars outward. As the cold-eyed but bitterly moved scientist puts it to himself: "Material details were of the greatest importance. But still the largest strokes were made by the spirit. Had to be."

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Lawn Order

by Lionel Tiger

Historians of the latter half of the twentieth century will find it bizarre that a civilization depending on cities for its material and ideal wealth had no flair for their management and planning, and that almost everyone agreed that city life was abrasive, unhealthy, demeaning, and auto-destructive. Nobody seriously doubts that fundamental change is required, par-

Ekistics: An Introduction to the Science of Human Settlements

by C. A. Doxiadis

(Oxford University Press; \$35.00)

ticularly in large cities. Yet cities are such expensive artifacts that the costs of changing them frighten even the boldest reformers and even the politicians most generous with our money. And if the money were available, we wouldn't fully know what to do with it. So much are we creatures of the city that we cannot see it as a landscape; our solutions to its problems have not worked in the way they must; there is a great traffic jam of cars, people, and ideas; city air stinks and *cognoscenti* won't drink the water. The ready answer to crime in the streets is not new kinds of streets but tanks, nicely ordered lawns, and nonunion picket fences. We are profoundly suburban when what we have to be is superurban.

Doxiadis is one of the world's most influential planners, or at least one of the most visible. For many years—before it was fashionable—he has been writing, talking, and thinking about urban scale, landscape, and the quality of life. He has now published the results of his work and the state of his art in a huge, expensive, and curiously elusive book.

Doxiadis wants us to accept *Ekistics* as the science of human settlement. Reasonably and warmly he argues that the understanding of urban settlement patterns requires specialists trained to be sensitive to more factors in a more coherent and cumulative way than are contemporary planners and architects. He wants nothing less than to be prime mover of a new science; at the very

least he has been important in stirring up some inter-disciplinary dust at the conferences he hosts in Greece, and in drawing attention to some of the weaknesses in our grasp of the principles and practice of humane town planning. He is able to show how the use of mathematics and associated systems-theory permits the development of predictions about peoples' behavior in cities; and even those who fear numbers the way some fear Jehovah will not be intimidated or appalled by his relatively straightforward attempts to create useful formulae applicable to most planning situations. At his most large-scale he retains a sense of the individual human's little bubble of personal space. And he gets very large-scale, proposing the use of the concept of Ecumenopolis, which is nothing less than the city of the world, the city that emerges from megalopolis; the final statement of an urbanizing process.

The length, expense, and piety of the book make it mandatory that any city planner who buys it and reads it will really be committed to the notion of planning for people and their needs, and not simply and tenaciously committed to doing a job of semi-work in order to get some money and live in suburbia.

Let it be clear: Doxiadis is a friend of all citizens who rue the passing of the corner bakery that produced not just bread, but the poetic scent of bread and the glimpses of men in undershirts who worked all night. He is thoroughly committed to the human being with two legs who uses them where he lives, namely and increasingly in The City; his pedestrians are not pedestrian. He sees through the relatively short-term amortization-period idea of conventional building, and insists correctly and with wistful firmness that there are some factors of human life that remain wed to our size, our speed, our senses—primarily that we're not machines. He affirms the importance of rivers in defining where cities will probably grow. He does not see the motor car as the busy spermatozoa of a Wide New World to

come, but as a machine able to move too much faster than Man, thus unable to use the streets that man's long-term notion of City led to, and thus destroying, like any jazzy cancer, the place both in which it lives and toward which it's designed to speed. He patiently tells us that constructing high buildings with high density in Downtown areas has the upside-down effect of decreasing overall city density: the buzzing walnut of Manhattan with its spuriously economic skyscrapers, has been the cause of commuter yelps and the miles of New York so fancifully far from the essence and special gift of the City. Doxiadis suggests how the posturing, omnipotent vanities of "Westerners," boasting symbolic electric toothpicks and real planning theories, are nearly preventing "Easterners" from creating ways of city living that do not repeat the dreary errors of the planners currently housing babies whose first grey hair will sprout in 2001. City planners are just ham burghers.

The book contains splendid maps of towns present and gone, projections of population growth and movement, and elaborate statements of how planning should proceed, how the ekistical chapter must have a role in how the scene is set and where the players stroll and dance. In the city planning genre, in any genre, it is a most ambitious book. Doxiadis is in effect claiming to be irreplaceable. And he is, insofar as what he says about the need for knowledge and contextual savvy is dead right in his and most people's terms. But it is the very ambition of his effort that must frame the picture he draws and the plan he sketches. Where do we go from where he is?

Not very far, it is perplexing to have to say. This is a what to do book, not a how to do book, though it aspires to be the latter. Yet we know what we have to do about cities, at the broad level anyway. We know we have to restrict traffic to spaces designed for it. We have to limit pollution and offer access to trees, space, chickens, and the sublime profitlessness and pointlessness of nature. We have to make it easy for kids to play outside without their mothers suffering charmless anxieties as they prepare dinners (suppers) in 22nd story kitchens of pension-funded Apartment Cities. Old

people should be able to cross the street without terror and without degrading \$680,000 worth of automobiles being sporadically to a bridge or tunnel or point of no return.

It is clear to most people that conventional architecture is intensely concerned with how many angelic houses can be choreographed on the head of a pine bluff, and not with the superstructure of people's lives, not with the whole arc of urban experience, and certainly not with what people want to do with their environments. We know also that whole regions have to be planned: one town's Economic Development Area is another's taste of sulphur in the air. Some bravos even say that local public transport should be free, like sidewalks. A few commies and a few searching calmies even ask if the center-city should all be publicly owned. We are becoming aware that so-called slum clearance is usually the bourgeoisification of physical space; it leads to the further deprivation of those people who found shelter in the increasingly useless parts of town, in the hiatus between the suburb, boutique and Receptionist's Anteroom. We know that the taxation practices of large cities are inadequate to support contemporary services in the style that is essential. It is obvious that air and ground traffic noise are violations of one's personal space and peace. We are aware that patterns of government in some cities are virtually unworkable, except through the use of that underground supply-demand mechanism, graft.

Of course Doxiadis has much to add to this stock of insights and programs. He sensibly charts desirable growth patterns for cities; he suggests how human scale can be retained even in large towns; he illustrates the efforts of population increase in terms of planning urgency. But how in actual cold practice are we to achieve anything?

Doxiadis' political naïveté is as stunning as the scope of his analytical enterprise. What about the building owners, slumlords, impressionable ward bosses and zoning officials? Pollution does not grow on trees; our air, water, and soil are afflicted usually because it is cheaper for someone to pollute than refine, control, be socially responsible. Doxiadis pays no attention to one of

the root problems of urban management—the widespread disproportion in political power between rural and urban regions, and the lack of articulation between those most deprived by city life and those supposed to represent them. Property qualifications for voting still exist in many major cities where the likelihood of getting necessary money bills through is as slim as the needs are great. The communal semi-feudal lands of wealthy suburbs beautifully foil large-scale regional planning, while the widespread archaism of the rates-tax structure simply

makes it impossible for local communities to generate the wealth to begin to approach the goals Doxiadis sketches.

This is not to blame Doxiadis for the political problems of the world. But political corruption, incompetence, and anachronism are as much at the root of civic ugliness and shortsightedness as the unscientific prosaic feebleness of many planners and architects. It is like medicine. There is vast medical knowledge and skill; the only catch is that it is too expensive for too many people. Persons wishing to extend the



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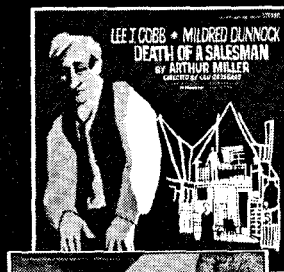
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benefits of medicine to all must attend directly to the political and economic impediments to such extension. A person like Doxiadis interested in improving city life must address himself to the concatenation of interests and political rigidities that disenfranchise us. Nothing Doxiadis writes could cause a moment's real fear to a rich burgher or stimulate a moment's real hope in a semi-slum. Of course he recognizes that the problems of the great cities are relatively new and we are still inexperienced in dealing with them. And he is right to stress the urgency of the matter and the need for sophisticated control of the planning process. But the process will never happen unless the economic and political infrastructures of cities change sufficiently to give people who use cities power to deal with those who own them. And there is an additional complication, which he does not begin to cope with: large-scale centralized regional planning is essential for wise use of urban resources, yet the very fact of massive centralized planning authorities conduces to feelings of alienation and weakness. Go, as the people say, fight City Hall. Paradoxically, it is in America, not Doxiadis' Europe where the most energetic efforts – still not very effective – have been made to involve people in planning their own environments. How this kind of healthy micro-process will be assimilated to the obvious need for extensive macro-planning remains a critical question in the search for solutions to the problem of large-scale vs. human scale.

But enough of politics; what about sciences? There is a lot of useful and penetrating material here, also a lot of near-platitudes unfortunately reiterated, and a certain lack of specificity about the planning of more human relationships. There is little explicit attention to, for example, the mother-infant bond, and what may be best for the human child in any culture or in particular cultures. What is a child's conception of the city? There has been beautiful work done on this in America, but unfortunately it doesn't find its way adequately into *Ekistics*. What are the effects on city life and overall community of our housing practices? Euro-Americans are singularly fond of providing (when they can) separate

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sleeping rooms for each child—probably the only primates and the only humans to aspire to this curious enforcement of privacy among the young of a gregarious species. And our single-family dwelling pattern means that adolescents have to live in intense contact with parents for a long time: for example, Margaret Mead has suggested that one of the reasons for early marriage is that girls can't bear to live with their mothers so they make off for a home of their own.

And what do men get? Most new housing developments are family and female centers—church, school, shopping center. What about a little men's hut, or gambling den or drinking place, too unsavory for women? On some English housing estates there has been demand for car repair facilities. Obviously this serves a straightforward demand, but it can be seen, too, as an effort to establish a place for men to hang around together in a socially sanctioned way. After all, many human communities are *not* family centered; yet in *Ekistics* there are no suggestions how we can estimate what behavioral inputs humans need—in the way we can estimate what nutritional ones we have. It's at this biological level that the research most helpful to planners may occur.

Still this is a useful, if rather overblown, book. One of its best features is its well-supported assertion of the need for more scientific and cumulative work by archi-planners. If doctors were as uncumulative in their response to patients as architects are to the structures they build, there would be no old-age problem. The money spent on architectural research is pitiful, yet our expenditure on building is vast—this is one of the great and crucial flaws in our argument that we are a scientifically-based community. Who asks anyone using a building how it works? A few architects do, and learn from their mistakes and more significantly from their successes. But most don't, and while it may never happen that architects can provide spaces that are realistically attuned to the needs of the organism, much better work could be done. The first step will be to see every building as an experiment and to keep a file on it, like a patient. The next will be the establishment of a Modicare program—so that

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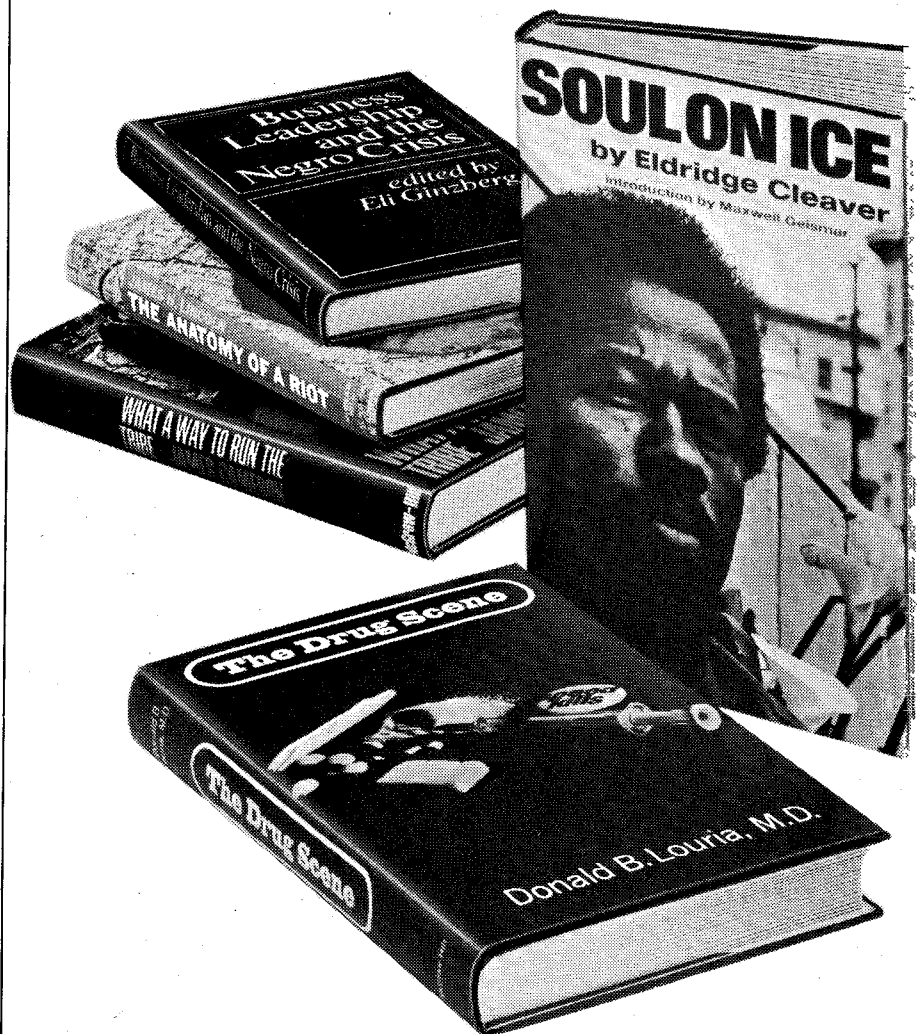
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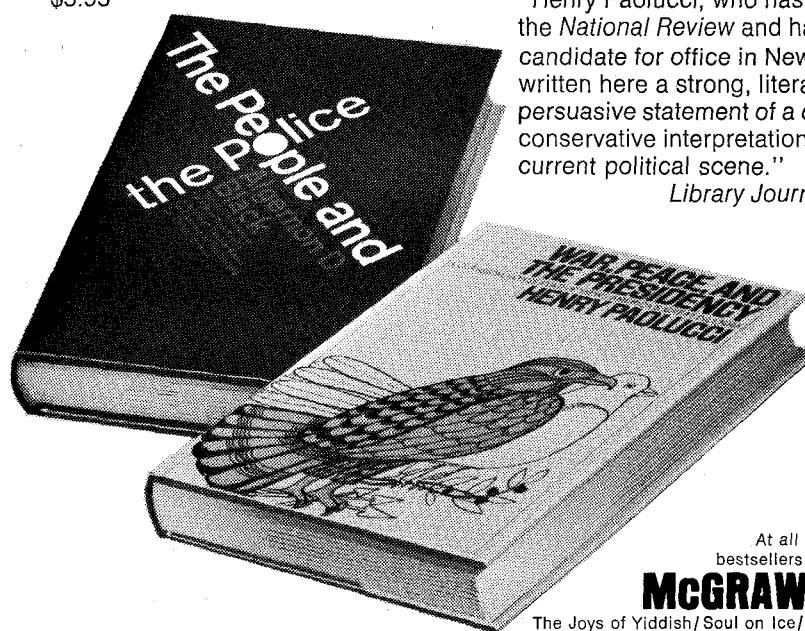
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architects work for who needs them, not only for who pays them. Ugliness and slovenliness are to architecture what pain is to doctors; and this must become increasingly recognized in the approach of members of the planning professions, as environments become more acutely influential to everyone. Doxiadis has given us some reasonably good points of departure, and—as he himself insists we must—we should be able to surpass him soon in tailoring our surroundings to our needs and not the other way around. Because there can be improvement: faith at least can be controlled. Some little fishes are timidly pushing their way up the Thames to London after years and years of exile; and birds have been seen who had quit the city decades ago. People are so pleased when they hear this.

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Documenting Black History

by William Schechner

At the New York Public Library, fully a third of all inquiries about materials in American history are concerned with black history. Publishers are tripping over each other to put out new works, anthologies, reprints, almost anything to build a list. Herbert Aptheker's strong and sympathetic collection, itself issued as late as 1951,

Civil Rights and The American Negro: A Documentary History
Edited by Albert P. Blaustein and Robert L. Zangrando
(Trident Press; \$7.95 cloth)
(Washington Sq. Press; \$1.45 paper)

once stood almost alone. Now documentary histories of black America pile up. Some of them are superficial; others are specifically for younger readers. But several have been carefully planned, well edited, readable.

For years, documentary histories were compiled to bring scattered information together for scholarly use. No more. The Blaustein and Zangrando book, for example, is being issued in hardcover and paperback, in anticipation of both academic and general interest. The move toward wider readership has given the documentary history a new job: to bring historical understanding to nonspecialists. The definition of historical value has been broadened by the audience.

Blaustein and Zangrando (the first a professor of law at Rutgers University, the second a former professor of history and now assistant Executive Secretary of the American Historical Association) sketch out the relationship between the Negro and American society using primarily legal opinions and statute law. They have included semi-official pronouncements, like Du Bois's "Immediate Program of the American Negro" (an example of an earlier brand of militancy), Booker T. Washington's famous Atlanta Exposition speech, and significant statements from figures ranging from Nat Turner to Stokely Carmichael. There are also some colonial and national state papers (including a first draft of the Declara-

tion of Independence which opposes the institution of slavery), and official reports. Generally, however, the documents show the relationship of the Negro to citizenship as white Americans knew it, but not his relationship to those white Americans themselves.

Focusing on legalities, the editors have shortchanged the emotional climate which produced the laws. Black and whites have almost always lived in an atmosphere of hate, fear, and violence: we need to know what passion and economics play in the daily lives of black and white people. The kind of information reaches us in the way official documents and speeches seldom do.

For example, in the 1830's and 1840's race riots swept across the nation: immigrants, Irish primarily, sought vengeance for their economic insecurity from the group most directly in competition with them, the Free Negro. These riots, and the response to them are an important yet little explored part of the larger scene in which the Abolitionists and Northern and Southern party politicians were operating. In Philadelphia after a series of outbreaks in 1834, an investigating commission was appointed—possibly the nation's first riot study group. Its report is vivid and portions of it would make an excellent addition to a history such as the one under review.

Similarly, Frederick Douglass' description of a beating he took from white workers while a slave in a Baltimore shipyard, and the impossibility of any redress in the courts despite numerous witnesses, tells volumes about the slave system and its effects upon the white laboring class. Or again, a stenographic transcript of the Alabama constitutional convention of 1901 (which disfranchised Negroes) illuminates the callousness of the local politicians who presided over the enshrinement of Jim Crow. And the civil rights picture in our decade is incomplete without some account of an event like the New Jersey State Police counterattack on the third day of the Newark riot, documented by Governor Hughes' riot investigational panel.

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This is not to say that Blaustein and Zangrando should have included all these documents; they are to be congratulated for the tenacity with which they stuck to their theme, and their thoroughness in presenting it as they conceived it. But these *kinds* of documents (the suggestions are illustrative, not prescriptive) are also part of their theme, and their book is weaker without them.

In other respects the book is first rate. The documents are well presented, the introductory notes are adequate. As a reference work it is extremely handy. From Judge Samuel Sewell (who presided at the Salem Witch trials) wrestling with the biblical defense of slavery, through the upheavals of this decade, one can see the shifting strands of white involvement in black fulfillment, and of the Negro response. The important cases and laws and statements are here, as are some key writings of leading men.

Correspondence

The Way It Is in South Carolina-II

Sirs:

The medical facts cited in the article by Robert Coles and Harry Hume ("The Way It Is in South Carolina," Nov. 30) are true, or at least true enough. A Field Foundation-financed study last summer by researchers from the University of South Carolina and Meharry Medical School in Nashville show a 73 percent parasitic infestation of preschool black children in Beaufort County. Dr. Gatch may say 90 percent and someone else may say 60 percent, but the problem is a monstrous one that extends far beyond the borders of Beaufort County or even of South Carolina, and it will take a massive effort to eradicate.

Yet Coles and Hume fail to mention that the US Public Health Service has turned down two project requests from Dr. E. Kenneth Aycock, South Carolina state health officer, to treat environmental conditions and provide basic health education. Nor do they mention that the Office of Economic Opportunity has refused to approve a

request for a program for Beaufort County that includes, among other things, training unskilled men to become carpenters and then having them build sanitary outdoor privies. Not the costly long range water systems and decent housing that are needed, but federal funds denied even for privies! Part of Dr. Aycock's modest \$400,000 request was to study the needs and develop the means of providing a sanitary water supply.

Having been the first to write about the situation—for both *The New York Times* and *The Charlotte Observer* a year ago when Dr. Gatch testified before the Citizens Board of Inquiry Into Hunger and Malnutrition in Columbia—I am not without knowledge about the problems involved. I, too, went on tour with Dr. Gatch last summer, and take no issue with the description of conditions in the article by Coles and Hume. They speak of South Carolina resisting the claims of black people, but surely the appalling statistics of income they cite clearly demonstrate that neither Beaufort County or the state of South Carolina can pay the cost of a mass program of basic health education, medical care, decent housing, sanitation and soil treatment needed for the problems of intestinal parasites among the poor.

Treatment now is available for children infested with parasites, but they become reinfested in another month or two under the conditions they live—and frequently there is total ignorance in the home as to the cause. Researchers last summer found mothers concerned about their children, wanting to do something, but typically believing the parasites were caused by eating sugar or something equally as obscure. How is one expected to know about washing his hands after defecating when there is no water and a clump of bushes serves as a toilet?

Last February, the late Sen. Robert Kennedy indicated an interest in visiting the area. Unfortunately, he never came, but perhaps his brother will. The interesting thing was the reaction of local officials. State Rep. Wilton Graves of Beaufort County, who among other things is a Hilton Head motel owner, said he hoped Kennedy would come because the problem was too large for Beaufort County and that federal assistance would be necessary.

The statement of Coles and Hume that Beaufort County "has a food stamp program—unlike some other counties in the state" is inaccurate. All 46 South Carolina counties now have food stamp programs under a plan begun July 1 in which the state pays administrative costs, an act that is instructive in the ways of contemporary South Carolina politics. Along with Arkansas and Alabama, South Carolina is the only Southern state with an all-white legislature—yet in no Southern state is black political power more real. Negroes are understandably frustrated at having no black faces in the legislature, but the implementation of the statewide food stamp program—with opposition only from Republicans—most of them defeated at the polls in November—was but one example of action sought and attained by black leaders. What it means is an additional \$20 million in food purchasing power for the poor in a state that had perhaps the worst record for participation in federal food subsidy programs.

Negroes hold the election balance for dozens of white legislators, men who understand these new facts of political life and respond to them. The food stamp plan is but one example. Among the 12 key votes listed for the House in the Nov. 2 *New Republic* report on Congress, one was for an open-ended appropriation authorization for the food stamp program for fiscal 1969-72. Interestingly, all five Democratic House members from South Carolina voted in favor of the amendment, for three of them their only liberal vote on the dozen issues. In contrast, North Carolina congressmen voted 6-4 against the amendment, Virginia 9-1 against, and Georgia 5-4 against.

Mendel Rivers may be viewed by Coles, Hume and *The New Republic* as a racist, but he quietly worked like hell to see that a year-round Headstart Program—with some white en-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF is editor of the *New American Review*. LIONEL TIGER is the author of the forthcoming anthropology study, *Men in Groups*. WILLIAM SCHECHNER is a free-lance writer, and frequent contributor to *Commonweal* magazine.

ment mandatory – was funded for arendon County, and Rivers cleared away the red tape to see that wooden buildings from Shaw Air Force Base were transported 30 miles for the project and that Shaw doctors assisted in medical care.

As for Strom Thurmond, he will face serious problems in 1972 when he is up for reelection. Thurmond thoroughly alienated Wallace supporters with his successful effort to carry South Carolina for Nixon, and many republicans blame him partly for the disaster that hit the GOP in state and local elections in November. Republicans lost two-thirds of their 25 seats in the state legislature and got bombed in congressional challenges. In 1972, Thurmond will be 69 – and even Cotton Ed Smith got voted out of office after 36 years in the Senate when age of the best of him – and Cotton Ed didn't have to face an electorate that is 23 percent black and getting blacker. Progressive Gov. Robert E. McNair or new Congressman James R. Mann – a talented Greenville lawyer with impressive credentials – are possible opponents.

The way it is in South Carolina isn't altogether the way Huge and Coles describe it.

JACK BASS
Columbia, S. C.

In Reply

So, we observed Beaufort County's "medical facts" correctly, but we ought not have come down so hard on Thurmond and Rivers and their ilk, who apparently are now to be known as covert liberals. Slyly they support Headstart programs, though we gather not a request from South Carolina's principal health officer, Dr. Aycock; they can push billions through the Congress to fight the Reds here, there and everywhere, but alas, Dr. Aycock's "modest \$400,000 request" was too much of a challenge. Apparently those powerful Southern congressmen don't have that much political clout at all.

And we are told that they are harried, too – and perhaps on their last leg. Not a single black has appeared in South Carolina's legislature, but behind the scenes the state's two Senators and its congressmen are quivering with good intentions – as proven by the fact that "their only liberal vote" on a

dozen issues was on the bill to authorize appropriations for the food stamp program. Yes, 23 percent of South Carolina's electorate is black, though fewer blacks are registered to vote there than in any other Southern state: 50.8 percent compared to Mississippi's 59.4 percent, Alabama's 56.7 percent and Louisiana's 59.3 percent. (Moreover, unlike other more notorious states, voters must reregister from time to time, lest they begin to take their citizenship for granted.) Yes, the state now has food programs in every county, though it has had the "worst record for participation in federal food subsidy programs" – all of which has indeed changed, but only a few months ago, after a year of national debate over the extent of hunger in America had put enormous pressure on the Secretary of Agriculture and every Southern congressman. (Even Senator Stennis sponsored a bill aimed at feeding the hungry and studying the extent of hunger.) And yes, Thurmond may be in trouble – but, we note, because he is old and the Wallace vote is disenchanting.

We fear that if anything, the way it is in South Carolina is worse than we described it – which is one more thing to haunt writers like us, whose words can never quite convey what daily hunger and near-starvation feel like; or put differently, what political hypocrisy and duplicity and evasiveness end up doing to thousands of human beings.

ROBERT COLES AND HARRY HUGÉ

Kauffmann, from page 20

Beautiful. (This time he's imitating *Elvira Madigan*.) Mostly he makes them look like indoor sets. And the post-recording of the outdoor scenes has a dead studio sound.

Lumet's furiously energetic, tin cleverness would be partially redressed if the performances were good. They are not. As Madame Arkadina, Simone Signoret (peace to the ashes of her earlier self) is ludicrous, a plump lady who cannot speak English and who, in close-up, looks like a badly painted clown. James Mason, at his most profound, makes Trigorin sound merely peevish. Harry Andrews, as Sorin, barks as if he were still at Balaclava. David Warner, the Trepleff, continues to mistake biliousness for sensitivity. Denholm Elliott is unfocused as Dorn (and is atrociously wigged). Kathleen Widdoes and Alfred Lynch, as Masha and Medvedenko, are acceptable. Ronald Radd, as her father, is not.

The major disappointment is Vanessa Redgrave's Nina. I had read of her in the part on the London stage in the early 60's and looked forward to her in this picture. Now she is too old to play Nina – on film, at any rate. Miss Redgrave has the technique and range to cope with what few modern actresses could manage – the high-flying play-within-a-play. And her confession to Trepleff of her love for Trigorin, after what the latter has done to her, is moving. But most of the time I felt

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that she was trying for the girlishness, the *newness*, of Nina, and the strain seemed to unsettle her.

The poor performances, combined with Lumet's defective rhythmic sense and camera work, make the film tedious. This isn't hard with Chekhov, who is far from actor-proof even on the stage—where he belongs; but it makes this film dislocation all the more gratuitous. For a last treat Lumet distorts the ending. Dorn discovers Trepleff's body outside, then he returns to the group sitting about the table. The camera moves slowly from face to face as everyone's unspoken knowledge of the tragedy is implied. Chekhov wanted only a moment of apprehension as Dorn goes out to investigate the noise; when he returns and lies about the cause, the triviality of the lotto game is to continue, while Dorn takes Trigorin aside and tells him quietly what has happened. Lumet gives us a general Great Realization. Chekhov wanted life resumed with the fact of death slipped in on the periphery. But since Lumet began with a distortion, why shouldn't he end with one?

No picture by Akira Kurosawa can go unnoticed. *Red Beard* was shown at the New York Film Festival in 1965 and, I believe, has since played in the US only at some Japanese-language theatres on the West Coast. Now it is generally released, and there's no mystery about why it was delayed. It runs three hours, and the script is dreadful. Imagine that Frank G. Slaughter had been hired to write a monster installment of a Japanese *Dr. Kildare*, about a 19th-century rural hospital run by a gruff old humanitarian doctor nicknamed Red Beard whose example alters and inspires a rebellious young intern. Add only that Toshiro Mifune plays the older doctor and that Mifune fans demand a scene in which he wins a physical fight against great odds. Here he uses fisticuffs, not swordplay, to disable eight ruffians—or was it 80?—in a brothel, where he has gone on a house call.

Still I recommend *Red Beard* heartily, though within limits. It may bore the general public, not film specialists. The latter will have the chance to see yet again the mastery of Kurosawa, a man who knows infallibly in every split-

second of a film (and there are plenty of split-seconds here) where his camera ought to be looking and how to get it there; how to create an environment through which his narrative runs like a stream through a landscape; how to help his actors—particularly Mifune and Yuzo Kayama as the young doctor—into the very breath of their characters.

The bog is that script. If ever I saw a refutation of the thesis that style is everything in art, it's *Red Beard*. Throughout, I was conscious of great talent being lavished on hokum, like Toscanini conducting *The Stars and Stripes Forever* (which at least is short). But, on every score except script selection, makers and students of film can learn wonderfully from it.

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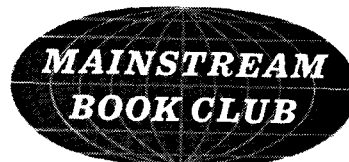
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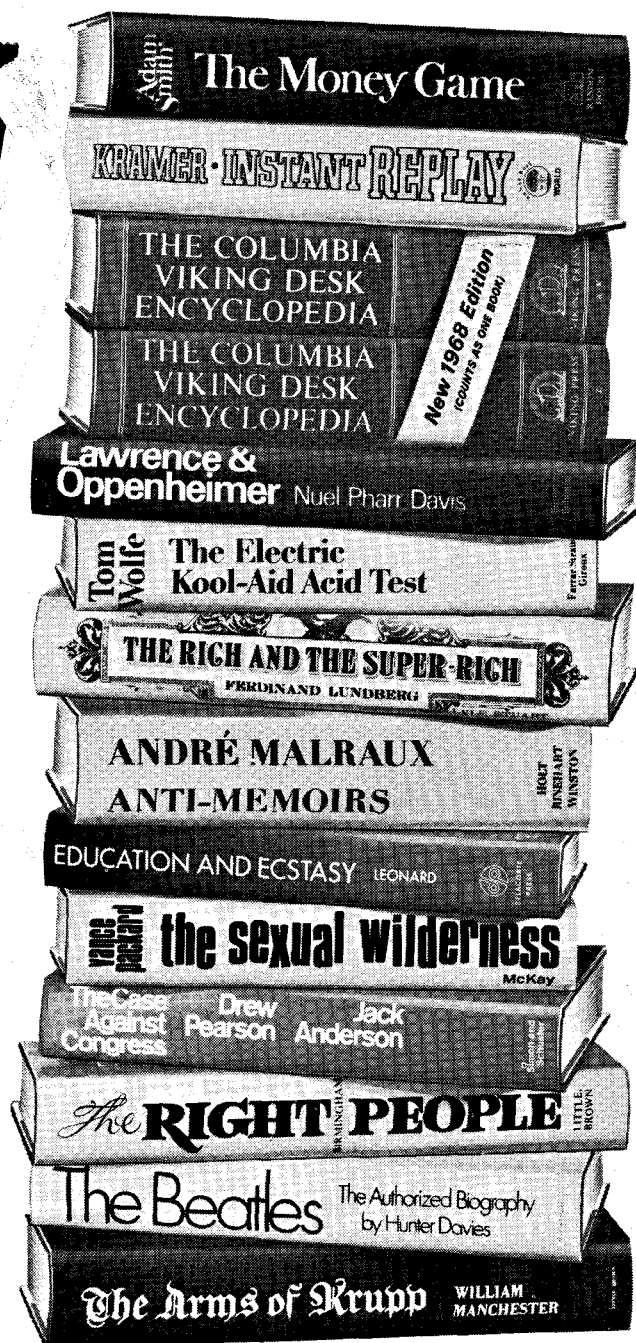
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